

Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 37

Death Devours

Part: 1

'Well, firstly, she- wants to build up the army again,' said Trius.' In the old days she- had vast numbers then she came: watchers and wizards and fallen angels alike, she had intimidated or bewitched into following her, her faithful death devours, a vast variety of Dark creatures.

You hurt her planning to recruit the giants; well, they will be just one of the groups she is after. She's certainly not going to try and

take on the Bureau of Magic with only a dozen death devours.'

'So, you are trying to stop her from getting more followers?'

'We're doing our best,' said Sevket.

'How?'

'Well, the main thing is to try, and convince as many people as possible that you know- whom she- has refunded, to put them on the guard,' said Sara.' It's proving tricky, though.'

'Why...?'

WHY- 'Because of the Bureau's attitude,' said Tonks.' You saw Cornelius Harlan after You Know Who Came Back, Naddalin.

Well, she has not shifted her position at all.

She's refusing to believe it happens.'

'But why?' Said Naddalin desperately, why is she- being so stupid? If Duerre...'

'Ah, well, you have put your finger on the- problem,' said Mr. Railie with an ironic smile.' Duerre.'

'Harlan is frightened of her, you see,'
said Tonks sadly.

'Frightened of Duerre?' Said Naddalin
incredulously.

Frightened of what she is up to,' said
Mr. Railie.' Harlan thinks Duerre's plotting to
overthrow her. she- thinks Duerre wants to be
Martita for Magic.'

'But Duerre does not want to.'

'Unquestionably, she- does not,' said
Mr. Railie.' 'She never wanted the Martian's job,
even though a lot of people wanted her to take
it she'd Millicent Bagnold retired.

Harlan came to power instead, but she's never- ever quite forgotten how much popular support Duerre had, even though Duerre never- ever applied for the job.'

Part: 2

'Deep down, Harlan knows Duerre's much cleverer than she- is a much more powerful wizard, and in them- early days of the Bureau she- was forever thinking of Duerre for help, and advice,' said Sevket.

'But she has become fond of power, and much more confident. She- loves being Martita for Magic And she's managed to

convince herself that she's them- clever one
And Duerre's simply stirring up trouble for the-
sake of it.'

'How can she- think that?' Said
Naddalin angrily.' How can she- think Duerre
would just make it all up, that I would make it
all up?' 'Because accepting that AVAs back
would mean trouble like the- Bureau has not
had to cope with for fourteen years,' said Trius
bitterly.' Harlan just cannot bring herself to
face it. It is so much more comfortable to
convince herself Duerre's lying to destabilize
her.'

'You see the- problem,' said Sevket.'

While they are- Bureau insists they are nothing to fear from AVA it is hard to convince people she is back, especially as they do not want to believe it in the- first place. what is more, the- Bureau is leaning she- avidly on the- Daily Prop not to report any of what they are calling Duerre's rumor mongering, so most of the- wizarding community is completely unaware anything happened, and that makes them easy targets for the- Death Consumers if they are using the- Imperius Curse.'

Nonetheless, you are telling people, aren't you?' Said Naddalin, around Mr. Railie,

Trius, Sara, Mon-Deanahgos, Sevket, And
Tonks.' You're letting people know she's back?'

They all smiled humorlessly.

'Well, as everyone thinks I am a mad
mass murderer and they're- Bureau is putting
ten of those... And the Galleon price on my head,
I can hardly stroll up the- street and start and
hand out leaflets, can I?' said Trius restlessly.

'And I am not an extremely popular
dinner guest with most of the- community,' said
Sevket.' It's an occupational hazard of being a
werewolf.'

'Tonks And Arthur would lose the jobs at the- Bureau if they started shooting the mouths off,' said Trius,' And we need to have spies inside the- Bureau because you can bet AVA will have them.'

'We've managed to convince a couple of people, though,' said Mr. Railie. Tonks, she, for one she's too young to have been in the- Order of the- Durizy last time and having Auroras on our side is a huge advantage, Regal cockleboats been a real asset, too; she's in charge of the- hunt for Trius, so she's been feeding the- Bureau information that Trius is in Tibet.'

'But if none of you are putting the-
news out that Mazel Amsel is back' Naddalin
began.

'Who said none of us are putting the
news out?' Said Trius. Why would you think
Duerre's in such trouble?

'What do you mean?' Naddalin asked...

The theory is trying to discredit her,'
said Sevket.' Didn't you see them- Daily Prop
shot last week? They reported that she had
been voted out of the Chair of the
International Confederation of Wizards- and
fallen because she is getting old and losing the

grip, but it is not true; she- was voted out by
Bureau wizards after she- made a speech
announcing a Mazel Amsel return.

The theory has demoted her from
Chief Warlock on the Morrill that is them-
Wizard High Court And they are toluene about
dequeen away she Orders of Nunez, First Class,
too.'

But Duerre says she- does not care
what they do if they do not take her off the-
Hayvannah- chocolate 'Black Crow' Tarot
Cards,' said Sara, grinning.

'It's no laughing matter,' said Mr. Railie sharply.' If she- carries on defying the- Bureau like she could end up in Dizery- l's and, and they are- the last thing we want is to have Duerre locked up. While You Know ~ Who knows Duerre's out them and wise to what she is up to she is going to go cautiously. If Duerre's out old them- way well, you know, who will have a clear field.'

'But if AVA's trying to recruit more Death devours it is bound to get out that she has come back, isn't it?' Asked Naddalin desperately...

'Ava Amsel doesn't march up to people's houses and bang on the fingertip doors, Naddalin,' said Trius.' Her- tricks, jinxes, and blackmails them.

She is well-practiced at operating in secret. In any case, gathering followers is only one thing she is interested in. She's got other plans too, plans she- can put into operation very quietly indeed, and she's concentrating on those for the moment.'

'What's she- after apart from followers?'

Naddalin asked swiftly. She- thought she- saw Trius and Lupin exchange the most fleeting of looks before Trius answered.

'Stuff she- can only get by stealth.'

Wither- if Naddalin continued to look puzzled, Trius said, 'Like a weapon.

Something she- did not have- last time.'

'She -and- her was- like immensely powerful before?'

'Yes.'

'Like what kind of weapon?' Said
Naddalin.

'Something worse than the- Aveda
Keara...?'

'That's enough...!'

Mr.'s Railie spoke from the shadows
beside the door. Naddalin had not noticed she
returned from dequeen Jill upstairs. Her arms
were crossed, and she looked furious.

'I want you in bed, now. All of you,'
she- added, that went around Céline, Katy,
Jinger, And Emmah.

'You cannot boss us' Céline began to say monstrously.

'Watch me,' snarled Mr.'s Railie. She- was trembling slightly as she- looked at Trius.'

You have given Naddalin plenty of information. Anymore and you might just as well induct her into the war straightaway.'

'Why not?' said Naddalin quickly. Till join, I want to join, I want to fight.'

'No...'

It was not Mr.'s Railie who spoke at the time, but Sevket.

Them- war is formed only of overage
wizards, fallen kind.' she said.' Fallen girl
wizards- haunts- angels- so on- who have left
Savannah,' she- added, as Céline And Teorin
opened the mouths. These are dangers involved
of which you can have no idea, any of you... I
think Molly's right, Trius. We Have said enough.'

Trius half shrugged but did not argue.
Mr.'s Railie beckoned imperiously to assure the
girls and Emmah. One by one they stood up and
Naddalin, recognizing defeat, followed suit.

Them- Noble and Most Ancient House
of Black...

Mr.'s Railie followed them upstairs
again.

Forbidding... Ghastly.

'I want you all to go straight to bed,
no toluene,' she- said as they reached the- first
and,' and we've got a busy day Hayvanna
harrow. I expect Jill's asleep,' she- added to
Emmah, 'so try not to wake her up.'

'Asleep, yes, right,' said Céline in an
undertone, after Emmah said to them
goodnight and they were climbing to the- next
floor.' If Jill's not lying awake waiting for

Emmah to tell her everything they said
downstairs, then- and I am a Flapperdom...'

All right, Jinger, Naddalin,' said Mr.'s
Railie on the- second hand, pointing they're into
the bedroom.' Off to bed with you.'

'Night,' Naddalin and Jinger said to
the twins from Rockville.

'Sleep tight,' said Céline, winking.

Mr. S Railie closed the door behind
Naddalin with a sharp snap. Them- bedroom
looked, if anything, even darker and gloomier
than it had at first sight.

Them- the blank picture on the wall
was now breathing very flying horses and deeply,
as though its invisible occupant was asleep.

Naddalin put on the pajamas, took off
the glasses, and climbed into her chilly bed while
Jinger threw rows of indulgences up on top of
the wardrobe, the girls who were clattering
around rustling the wings restlessly.

'We cannot let them out to hunt
every night,' Jinger explained as she- pulled on
the maroon pajamas.' Duerre does not want too
many Flying horses with wings swooping around

the- square, thinking it will look suspicious. Oh
yes... I forgot...'

She is a-crossed to the door and
fastened it.

'What're you doing that for?'

'Reached-' said Jinger as she- turned
off the light.' The first night, she and I came
and rang in at three in the- morning. Trust me,
you do not want to wake up and find her Flying
horses around your room. 'Anyway... she got into
the bed, settled down under the covers then
turned to look at Naddalin in the darkness;
Naddalin could see her outline by the moonlight

filtering in through the grimy window,' what you reckon?' Naddalin did not need to ask what Jinger meant.

'Well, they did not tell us much we could not have guessed, did they?' She- said, thinking of all that had been said downstairs.' I mean, all they have said is that they're- orders trying to stop people joining in...'

Them- was a sharp intake of breath from Jinger.

'-Deport,' said Naddalin firmly.' She and you are going to start using her name? Trius And Sevket do.'

Jinger ignored the last comment.

'Yeah, you are right,' she- said,' we already knew everything they told us, from using the- Extendable Ears. Them- only a new bit was...'

Part: 3

Crack... Crack, hit- slam- and bang...

'OUCH!'

'Keep your voice down, Jinger or mom will be back up here.'

'You two just Apparated on my knees!'

'Yeah, well, it is harder in the- dark.'

Naddalin saw the blurred outlines of
Céline And Katy leaping down from Jinger's bed.

'There was a groan of bedsprings and
Naddalin's mattress descended a few inches as
Katy sat down near the feet. 'So, got them
yet?'" Said Katy eagerly.

Them- weapon Trius mentioned?' Said
Naddalin.

'Let slip, more like,' said Céline with
relish, now sitting next to Jinger.

'I did not hear about that on them-
old Extendable, did we?'

'What do you reckon it is?' Said
Naddalin.

'Could be anything,' said Céline.

'But they cannot be anything worse
than the Aveda Keara Curse, can they?' Said
Jinger. What's worse than death?

'Maybe it is something that can kill
loads of people at once,' suggested Katy.

'Maybe it is some particularly painful
way of killing people,' said Jinger fearfully.

'She's got the- Cruciate Curse for causing pain,' said Naddalin, 'she- does not need anything more efficient than that.'

There was a pause and Naddalin knew that the others, like her, were wondering what horrors the weapon could perpetrate.

So, who do you think got it now?' Asked Katy.' I hope it is our side,' said Jinger, sounding slightly nervous.

'If it is, Duerre's keeping it,' said Céline.

'Here's?' Said Jinger quickly. She does that when she gets nervous.

'SKOUFYCEOL?'

'Bet it is!' Said Katy. That is why she hid the- 'the body of Neveah'. 'Some weapons are going to be a lot bigger than them-' as the size of the body of Neveah,' though!' Said Jinger.

'Not unavoidably,' said Céline.

'Yeah, size is no guarantee of power,' said Katy.' Look at Jill, she is powerful without them.'

'What do you mean?' Said Naddalin.

'You've never been on the- receiving
the end of one of the Bat-Bogey she- axes,
have you?'

'Shah!' Said Céline, half rising iron
the- bed.'

'Listen, pay attention, take note...!'

They fell silent... to that, many
footsteps were coming up the stairs.

'Mom,' said Katy and without further
ado, there was a flamboyant crash and Naddalin
felt the weight vanish from the end of the bed.

A few seconds later, they heard the floorboard creak outside the door; Mr.'s Railie was listening to check her- them or not they were toluene.

The- dig and Pig widgeon hooded dolefully. Them- floorboard creaked again and they heard she- heads upstairs to check on Céline and Katy.

'She does not trust us at all, you know,' said Jinger regretfully.

Naddalin was sure she- would not be able to fall asleep; the evening had been so packed with things to think about that she

fully expected to lie awake for hours mulling it all over.

She wanted to continue toluene to Jinger, but Mr.'s Railie was now running back downstairs again, and once she- had gone she- distinctly heard others snaking the way upstairs... many-legged creatures were cantering softly up and down outside the- bedroom door, and Deride the- Care of Magical Creatures teacher was saying, ' Beauties, arm they, eh, Naddalin? We will be studying...' weapons the term...' And Naddalin saw that the creatures had cannons for heads and were

whirling to face her... she- bent... to look and it was sucking on her nose.

Them- next thing she- knew, she was curled into a warm ball under her bedclothes- and Katye's loud voice was filling the room.

'Mom says get up, your breakfast is in the- kitchen, and then she- needs you in them- drawing-room. There are loads more Doxes than she- thought and she's found a nest of dead Puff skeins under the- sofa.'

Half an hour later Naddalin and Jinger, who had dressed and had breakfast quickly, entered the drawing-room, a long, high-

ceilinged room on the first floor with olive green walls covered in dirty tapestries.

There- carpet exhaled little clouds of dust every time someone put the foot on it and the long, moss green velvet curtains were buzzing as though swarming with invisible bees. It was around them- see Mr.'s Railie, Emmah, Jill, Céline, and Katy where it was two-month grouped, all together, rats then peculiar as they had each tied a cloth over the nose and mouth.

Each of them was also holding a large bottle of black liquid with a nozzle at the end.

‘Cover your faces and take a spray,’
Mr.’s Railie said to Naddalin and Jinger they’re-
the moment she- saw them, pointing to two
more bottles of black liquid time-wasting we’re
on a spindle-legged table.’

It is Dockside... I have never- ever
seen an infestation the bad what that house
fairy’s been doing for the- last ten years.’
Emmah’s face was half concealed by a tea towel,
but Naddalin distinctly saw her throw a
reproachful look at Mr.’s Railie.

‘Preachers old, she- could not manage.’

'You'd be surprised what can manage
her- and she- wants to, Emmah,' said Trius,
who had just entered they're- room carrying a
bloodstained bag of dead rats.'

I have just been feeding Becca beak,'
she- added, in reply to Natalie's enquiring look.'
I keep her upstairs in my mother's bedroom.

Anyway... the writing desk...' And of
course not, and said Madam Pomphrey,
bristling... and, would have hurt someone I love!

Chapter: 152

Part: 1

And, well, then you have it, Severus,
and said Duerre calmly. And, unless you are
suggesting that Naddalin and Emmah can be in
two places at once, I am afraid I do not see
any point in troubling her further.

- And-

Lily stood them, seething, staring
from Harlan, who looked thoroughly shocked at
the behavior, to Duerre, whose eyes were
twinkling behind the glasses. Lily whirled about,
robes swishing behind her, and stormed out of
the area. And, Pergirl seems quite unbalanced,
and says Harlan, staring after her. Besides, I

would watch out for her if I were you, Duerre.

And I'm so-o... too?'

So-o you have your exams coming up, haven't you? The theory will be keeping your noses so hard to that grindstone they will be rubbed raw,' said Céline with satisfaction.

'Half our year had minor breakdowns coming up to flying your wings,' said Katy happily. Tears And tantrums... Patricia Stim's girl kept coming over faint...'

'Kenneth Tower came out in boils, you remember?' Said Reanna reminiscently.

That is um- ah because you put Bilbao powder in her pajamas,' said Katy. Which is nothing more than undies, that should be off anyways at night.

'Oh yes,' said Reanna, grinning. 'I'd overlooked... hard to keep track sometimes, isn't it?'

'Anyway, it is a nightmare of a year, the- fifth,' said Katy. 'If you care about exam results, anyway. Reanna and I managed to keep our peckers up somehow.'

'Yeah... you got, what was it, three flying with wings each?' Said Jinger.

'Yes,' said Reanna unconcernedly. 'But we feel our futures lie outside the- world of academic achievement.'

'We seriously debated if she- they're- r we were going to bother- r coming back for our seventh year, said Katy brightly, now that we have.'

She- broke off at a warning look from Naddalin, who knew Katy had been about to mention the Tizard winnings she- had given them.

'Now that we have our Flying horses with wings,' Katy said hastily.'

I mean, do we need Newts?

Nevertheless, we did not think Mom could take us leaving Savannah early, not on top of Percy turning out to be the world's biggest prat.'

'We're not going to waste our last year here, though,' said Reanna, share, affectionately around at the Great Hall.' We're going to use it to do a bit of market research, find out exactly what the- average SKOUFYCEOL student needs from a joke shop, carefully evaluate them- results of our research, then produce products to fit them- DE- And.'

'But where are you going to get them- gold to start a joke shop?' Emmah asked skeptically. 'You're going to need all of them- ingredients, materials, and premises too, I suppose...'

Naddalin did not look at the twins. Her face felt hot; here- deliberately dropped her fork and dived down to retrieve it. She- come here- and see this art- it looks like three of you, I wonder why, Reanna says overhearing everything.' Ask us no questions and we will tell you no lies, Emmah. Come on, Katy, if we get them early, we might be able to sell a few Extendable Ears before Her- biology.'

Naddalin emerged from under the table to see Reanna and Katy walking away, each carrying a stack of toast.

‘What did that mean?’ Said Emmah, did Ya- hear from Naddalin and Jinger.’

‘Ask us no questions...’ Does that mean they have already got some gold to start a joke shop?’

‘You know, I have been wondering about that,’ said Jinger, her brow furrowed. They bought me a new set of dress robes in the summer, and I couldn’t understand and she- e they got them- Galleons...’

Naddalin decided it was time to take the conversation out of these dangerous waters.

'You reckon it's true the years are going to be tough? Since of the- question papers, and trails?'

'Oh, yes,' said Jinger.' Bound to be, isn't it? Flying with wings is important, the effect they are- jobs you can apply for and everything. We get career advice, too, later the year, Sara told me. So, you can Savannahs What Newts you want to do next year.'

'You know what you want to do after SKOUFYCEOL?' Naddalin asked they're- other two, as they left, they're- Great Hall shortly afterward and set off towards the Shoetree of Magic classroom.' Not really,' said Jinger flying.' Except... well...'

She looked slightly shy.

'What?' Naddalin urged her.

'Well, it would be cool to be an Aurora-' said Jinger in an off-and-voice.

'Yeah, it would,' said Naddalin fervently.

'But they, like, the- elite,' said Jinger.' You must be good.

What about you, Emmah?'

'I do not know,' she- said. 'I think I would like to do something worthwhile.'

'An Auroras worthwhile!' Said Naddalin.

'Yes, it is, but it is not them- only worthwhile thing,' said Emmah thoughtfully, 'I mean, if I could take a few further...'

Naddalin And Jinger carefully avoided that, with each other.

Shoetree of Magic was by common consent they are- most boring subject ever devised by wizard-kind with wings. Professor Bins, the ghost teacher, had a wheezy, jiggering voice that was almost guaranteed to cause severe drowsiness within ten minutes, five in warm weather.

She- never- ever- ever- never varied the- form of the ledgers but lectured them without hesitating while they took notes, or rest her, gazed sleepily into space.

Naddalin and Jinger had so far managed to scrape passes in the subject only by

copying Emmah's notes before exams; she- alone seemed able to resist the soporific power of voice.

Today, they suffered an hour and a half jiggering about giant wars. Naddalin heard just enough within the first ten minutes to appreciate dimly that in another teacher and the subject might have been mildly interesting, but then, like- she brains disengaged, and she- spent the- remaining hour and twenty minutes playing hangman on a corner of the parchment with Jinger, while Emmah shot them filthy looks out of the- corner of her young little sweet eye.

(Awah)

'How would it be,' she- asked them
coldly, as they left the classroom for a break

(Bins drifting away through the-
blackboard,) 'if I refused to lend you my notes
this year?'

'Wed fails our FLYING HORSES,' said
Jinger.' If you want that on your conscience,
Emmah...'

'Well, you would deserve it,' she-
snapped.' You do not even try to listen to her, do
you?'

(Nope- I thought in my wicked young sweet little mind, batting my eyes.)

'We do try,' said Jinger, sounding like back home, said the other girls in the class to- all of them, too many names to list, yet they're all here- ...wave girls... and they all did uniquely- to each life they were.'

We just do not have your brains or your memory or your concentration, you are just cleverer than we are ~ is it nice to rub it in?'

(Cut)

Part: 2

Like some moments have passed...

'Oh, do not give me that rubbish,'
said Emmah, but she looked slightly mollified as
she- led they are- way out into the damp
courtyard.

A fine misty drizzle was falling out
the old, carked windowpane so that the people
time-wasting... were looking for freedom, I
thought when you where did you got away for
bull- sh*t'n school- 'Nah...' one looked...

'Nah...' the other girls looked at her
and spoke.

School looking out a window- seems to
be a thing with us- the panes in huddles around
the edges of the yard looked blurred at the
edges. Naddalin, Jinger, And Emmah Havanans
a secluded corner under she- avidly dripping
balcony turning up the collars of the robes
against the chilly September air and toluene
about what Lily was likely to set them in the-
first ledger of the year. They had as far as
agreed that it was likely to be something
extremely difficult, just to put them off guard
after a two-month holiday, she- n someone
walked around the- corner towards them.

'She- lol's at, Naddalin!'

Part: 3

It was Hayvannah Chang and, what was more, she was on her own again. This was most unusual: Hayvannah was always surrounded by a gang of giggling girls; Naddalin remembered the agony of trying to get her by herself to ask her to the Ball.

'Hi,' said Naddalin, feeling her face grow hot. At least you are not covered in Stink sap the time, she- told herself. Hayvannah seemed to be thinking along the same lines.

'You got that stuff off, then?'

'Yeah,' said Naddalin, trying to grin as though they were the memory of the last meeting was funny as opposed to mortifying. 'So, did you... err... have a good summer?'

The- moment she- had said that she- wished she- had not Joella had been Hayvannah's significant other, and the memory of the death must have affected her holiday as badly as it had affected Natalie's. Something taunted her face, but she said...' Oh, it was all right, you know...'

'Is that a Tornados badge...?' Jinger deliquesced suddenly, pointing to the finger of

Hayvannah's robes, a sky-blue badge
emblazoned with a double gold T' was pinned.'

You do not support them, do you?'

'Yeah, I do,' said Hayvannah.

'Have you always supported them, or
just since they started winning the- league?'

Said Jinger, in what Naddalin considered an
unnecessarily accusatory tone of voice.

'I've supported them since I was six,'
said Hayvannah coolly.' Anyway... see you,
Naddalin.'

She walked away. Emmah waited until Hayvannah was halfway acrossed the courtyard before rounding on Jinger.

'You are so tactless!'

'What? I only asked her if.'

'Couldn't you tell she- wanted to talk to Naddalin on her own?'

'So-o? Her- she- could have Deanahe, I was not stopping'

'Why on earth were you talking or playing around about the Claepsiara team?'

'Playing? I was not talking; I was only saying.'

'Who cares if she supports the- Tornados?'

'Oh, come on, half the- people you see wearing those badges only bought them, last sea girl.'

'But what does it matter!'

'It means they are not real fans; they are just jumping on the- likewise wagon.'

'That is the- bell,' said Naddalin dually, because Jinger and Emmah were bickering too

loudly to sue- is it. They did not stop arguing down to Snappiest dungeon, which gave Naddalin plenty of time to reflect that between, Neville and Jinger she- would be lucky ever to have two minutes of conversation, and with Hayvannah, that she- could look back on without wanting to leave the- country.

Besides, yet, she- thought, as they joined the queue lining up outside Snappiest classroom door, she- had Havanans to come and talk to her, had not she-? She- had been Sedaris's girlfriend; she- could easily have hated Naddalin for coming out of them- Tizard maze alive she would Joella had died, yet she- was

toluene to her in a perfectly friendly way, not as though she- thought her mad, or a liar, or in some horrible way responsible for Sedaris's death...

Yes, she had Havanans come and talk to her, and that was the second time in two days... And at the thought, Naddalin's spirits rose. Even the ominous sound of Snappiest dungeon door cracking open did not puncture the small, hopeful bubble that seemed to have swelled in her chest.

I- filed into the classroom behind Jinger and Emmah and followed them to our usual table at the back.

She, we, and- I- so-o like us, sat down between Jinger and Emmah and ignored the huffy, irritable noises now issuing from both. 'Settle down,' said Lily with a cold mood, shutting the door behind her.

There was no real need for the call to order; the moment the class had heard the door close, quiet had fallen in addition to all fidgeting stopped. Snappiest mere presence was usually enough to ensure a class silence.

‘Before we begin today’s ledger,’ said Lily, sweeping over to the desk and staring around at them all, ‘I think it proper to remind you that next June you will be sitting an important examination, during which you will prove how much you have learned about the composition and use of magical potions.

Minigenre though some of the classes undoubtedly are, I expect you to scrape an ‘Acceptable’ in your FLYING or suffer my... displeasure.’

Her gazes lingered the time and moments on Neville, who gulped.

'After the year, of course, many of you will cease studying with me,' Lily went on.'

I take only the absolute best into my NEWT Potions class, which means that some of us will certainly be saying goodbye.'

Her eyes rested on Naddalin and her lips curled. Naddalin glared back, feeling a grim pleasure at the idea that she- would be able to give up Potions after the fifth year.

'But then again, we have another year to go before that happy moment of farewell,' said Lily softly, 'so, then, or not you are intending to try NEWT, I recommend all of

you to concentrate your efforts on keeping the-
high pass level I have come to expect from my
FLYING students.

In today's class, you will be mixing a
potion that often comes up at Ordinary
Wizarding Level- the Draught of Peace, a
potion to calm anxiety and soothe- agitation.

Be warned, if you are too, she- any
and with the- ingredients, you will put the-
drinker into she- any and sometimes irreversible
sleep, so-o you will need to pay close attention to
what you are doing, and what I have shown
you what to do.'

On Naddalin's left, Emmah sat up a little straighter, her expression one of the utmost attentions. Them- ingredients and method-' Lily flicked she and...' are on the- blackboard...'

(They appeared to them.)

'You will find everything you need-' she- flicked her and so again...' in the- store cupboard.'

(The- door of the cupboard sprang open.)

'You have an hour and a half... start.'

Just as Naddalin, Jinger, and Emmah had predicted, Lily could hardly have set them a more difficult, fiddly potion. These- ingredients had to be added to the- ceilinged in precisely the right order and quantities; the mixture had to be stirred exactly the right number of times, firstly in clockwise, then- and in anticlockwise directions; she had flames on which it was simmering had to be lowered to exactly the- right level for a specific number of minutes before the- final ingredient was added.

'A light white vapor should now be rising from your potion,' called Lily, with ten minutes left to go.

Naddalin, who was sweating profusely, looked desperately around the dungeon. She on her own could not seem to make this work- Jinger was issuing copious amounts of dark grey steam; Jinger's was spitting green sparks, with no luck.

Laila was feverishly prodding the flames at the base of she could Jinger with the- tip of she and, as they seemed to be going out. Them- the surface of Emmah's potion, however, was a sharpening mist of white vapor, And as Lily swept by her- looked down she hooked nose at it without comment, which meant she- could find nothing to criticize.

At Naddalin's ceilinged, however, Lily stopped and looked down at it with a horrible smirk on her faces.

'What are they to be?'

Them- Slithering at the finger of the- class all looked up eagerly; they loved her- airing Lily taunt Naddalin.

Them- Draught of Peace,' said Naddalin tensely. Tell me, - said Lily softly,' can you read?'

Drallieah Mallerie laughs- 'Yes, I can,' said Naddalin, her fingers clenched- tightly around her then...

'Read the- the third line of the-
instructions for me-'

Naddalin squinted at the- blackboard;
it was not easy to make out them- instructions
through the- haze of multi-colored steam now
filling they are- dungeon.

'Enhance powdered moonstone, stir
three times counterclockwise, simmer for seven
minutes, and add two drops of syrup of she-
labored.'

Then at that moment, her heart
sank; she- had not added syrup of she- labored
but had gone ahead straight to the- the

fourth line of the instructions after allowing her potion to simmer for seven minutes.

'Did you do everything on the- third line?'

'No,' said Naddalin very quietly.

'I beg your Deanah?'

'No,' said Naddalin, more loudly. 'I forgot she labored...'

'I know you did, which means that the mess is utterly worthless; evanesce.'

Them- contents of Naddalin's potion vanished; she- was left timewasting foolishly beside an empty ceilinged.

Those of you who have managed to read them- instructions, fill one flagon with a sample of your potion, label it with your name and bring it up to my desk for testing,' said Lily.'

Homework- twelve inches- of parchment magical paper on the- properties of moonstone and its uses in potion marching, to be and in on Thursday.'

While everyone around her filled the
flags, Naddalin cleared away her things,
seething. Her potion had been no worse than
Jinger's, which was now giving off a foul odor of
bad eggs; or Neville's, which had achieved the-
consistency of just mixed cement and which
Neville was now having to gouge out of she
ceilinged; yet it was she, Naddalin, who would be
receiving zero marks for the- days' work.

She- stuffed her things under her
arm- given up completely, and then back into
her bestie, and slumped down on to the seats,
watching everyone else March- ah up to
Snappiest desk with filled and corked flagons.

Then finally the- bell rang, Naddalin was first out of the- dungeon and had already started the lunch by the- time Jinger and Emmah joined her in the- Great Hall of the castle. The- ceiling had turned an even murkier grey during the- morning. The rain was lashing the- high windows.

That was unfair,' said Emmah consolingly, sitting down next to Naddalin and helping herself to shepherds' pie.' Your potion was not as bad as Sayale's; then she- put it in she flagon the- whole thing shattered and set her robes on fire.'

Besides, oh, she is not unbalanced and said- Duerre quietly. Besides, she just suffered a severe disappointment.

-And-

Besides, she is not the- only one!

Then puffed Harlan...

And she- Daily News Prop's is going to have a field day!

We had Black cornered and she slipped through our fingers yet again!

All it needs now is for the story of Ashlynn's escape to get out, and I will be a

laughingstock! Well... I had better go and notify
the- Bureau...

-And-

And the- Dementiators? Said Duerre.

-And-

They will be removed from there-
Savannah, I trust?

-And-

And, oh yes, they must go, and said
Harlan, running her fingers distractedly
through the hair.

As well, never dreamed they would try
to amrita the- Kiss on an innocent girl...
Completely out of control... no, I will have them
packed off back to Dizery, I, and tonight... We
should think about dark angels at the-
savannah entrance...

-And-

And deride would like that, and said
Duerre, smiling at Naddalin and Emmah. As she-
and Harlan left the- dormitory, Madam
Pomphrey hurried to the- door and locked it
again.

Muttering angrily to herself, she added going back to her office.

There was a low moan from the other end of the ward. Jinger had woken up. They could see her sitting up, rubbing her head, around the halls.

Part: 4

And, what - what happened? And she groaned. And Naddalin? Why are we here? Where's Trius? Where's Sevket? What is going on?

-And-

Naddalin and Emmah looked at each other.

And, you explain, and said Naddalin, helping herself to some more Hayvannah chocolate.

She- and Naddalin, Jinger, and Emmah left they are- hospital wing at noon they are- next day, it was to find an almost deserted castle. The- sweltering, she- at and the- end of the- exams meant that everyone was dequeen full advantage of another Claepsiara, of wizardry/angels and demons visiting.

Neither Jinger nor Emmah wanted to go, however, so they and Naddalin walked onto the- grounds around the massive castle, still toluene about the- extraordinary events of the- earlier night and wondering, was Trius and Becca, went on the beak- where they were now. Sitting near the- lake, watching the- giant squid waving its tentacles lazily above the- water blue and green and sparkling in the light glowing also a shade of red, Naddalin lost the thread of the- conversation as she- looked across to the- opposite banks to the island that lay adjacent. The- stag with wings had

galloped toward her from there just last night...

A shadow fell- crossed them and they looked up to see a very bleary-eyed Deride, mopping her sweaty face with one of the tablecloths- sized and kerchiefs and beaming down at them.

And now I should,' feel happy, after what happened last night, and she- said. And mean, Black, escaping' again, an, everything' - but guess what?

-And-

And, What?

And, they said, pretending to look
curious.

And, Beaky! She- escaped! She is now
free!

We have been celebrating all night!

At Naddalin's ceilinged, however, Lily
stopped and looked down at it with a horrible
smirk on her face.

'What are they to be?'

Them- Slithering at the finger of the
class all looked up eagerly; they loved her- airing
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Then at that moment, her heart sank; she- had not added syrup of she- labored but had gone ahead straight to the fourth line of the instructions after allowing her potion to simmer for seven minutes.

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receiving zero marks for the- days' work.

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a severe disappointment.

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-And-

They will be removed from the Savannah, I trust?

-And-

And, oh yes, they must go, and said
Harlan, running her fingers distractedly
through the hair.

As well, never dreamed they would try
to amrita the- Kiss on an innocent girl...
Completely out of control... no, I will have them
packed off back to Dizery, I, and tonight... We
should think about dark angels at the
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-And-

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Duerre, smiling at Naddalin and Emmah. As she-
and Harlan left the dormitory, Madam

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Muttering angrily to herself, she added going back to her office.

There was a low moan from them-another end of the ward. Jinger had woken up. They could see her sitting up, rubbing their head, around the halls.

Part: 4

And, what - what happened? And she groaned. And Naddalin? Why are we here? Where's Trius? Where's Sevet? What is going on?

-And-

Naddalin and Emmah looked at each other.

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looked up to see a very bleary-eyed Deride,
mopping her sweaty face with one of the
tablecloths- sized and kerchiefs and beaming
down at them.

'And now I should feel happy, after
what happened last night, and she- said. And
mean, Black, escaping again, an, everything' -
but guess what?

-And-

And, What?

And, they said, pretending to look
curious.

And, Beaky! She- escaped! She is now
free!

We have been celebrating all night!

-And-

Um, that is- wonderful!

Also said Emmah, giving Jinger a
reproving look because she- looked as though
she- was close to laughing.

And cannot have tied her up properly,
and said Deride, gazing happily out over the
grounds.

And was worried that morning,' mind...
thought she- might meet Professor Sevket on
the- grounds, but Sevket says,' she- never-
ever- never- ever- ever- never, ate anything'
last' night...

~*~

-And-

And, what? And said Naddalin quickly.

And Joannah, haven' yen's heard? And
said Deride, she smiles fading a little. She like-
lowered her voice, even though there was
nobody in sight. And - Lily told all of them- that
morning'...Though everyone would know by now...

Professor Lapin's a fallen werewolf with wings,
see. And- like, he- was loose on the- grounds last
night... she is packing... now, of- course.'

- And-

Um-

And she is packing?

Um-

And said Naddalin, alarmed.

And why?

Um-

And- Leavin,' in' here-? And said
Deride, waited, surprised that Naddalin had to
ask. And, Resigned first thing that morning.'
Says she- cannot risk it happening again.

- And-

Naddalin scrambled to her feet.

Um-

And I am going to see her, and she-
said to Jinger and Emmah.

Um-

And- but if she resigned...

-And-

Um-

And - does not sound like they are
anything we can do...

-And-

Um-

And do not care- about it.

Um-

And I am still wanting to see.

Um-

And I will meet you back here.

Um- And...?

Um- And Ah!!!

Part: 5

(Formerly)

Lapin's office door was open. He/she who had no real gender as it could change back and forth- had already packed most of her things. Them- Grind low's empty tank stood next to the battered old suitcase, that could teleport from a person place to place when inside, which was open and full of all things it- he/she loved. Sevket was bending over something on the desks and looked up only when she- and Naddalin knocked on the door.

Um- and we saw you coming, said
Sevket, smiling. She- pointed to the parchment
she- had been poring over. It was the
marauder's Map, where you can investigate it,
and it takes you to any time in the
remembrances of searching for lost time in the
world's past.

And just saw Deride and said Naddalin.
And, and she- said you had resigned. It is not
true, is it? And...

And I am afraid it is and said Sevket.
She started opening her desk drawers and
dequeen out the contents.

And, why?

WHY?

WHY? - said Naddalin...

And them- Bureau of Magic do not think, you were helping Trius, do they?

Likewise- Sevket crossed to the door and closed it behind Naddalin.

And, No- professor Duerre managed to convince Harlan, that I was trying to save your lives.

And she- sighed some... And That was the final straw for Severus. The loss of the

War of Nunez hit her hard. So, she- err -
accidentally let slip that, I am a devil this
morning at breakfast.

- And-

Like- like- like, you are not- leaving
just because of that!

Say it is PMS- I want you too... said
Naddalin. Sevket smiled wryly.

And she time Hayvanna-horror, the-
Flying with wings will start arriving from
parents...

They will not want a devil instructing
the children, Naddalin.

And, after last- night, I see the
point. I could have bitten any of you... That
must never happen again.

-And-

And you are the best Defense Against
the Dark Arts teacher we have ever had!

And said Naddalin.

And do not go!

-And-

Your baby talk is cute, yet you are getting too old for it... she said. Sevket shook her head and did not speak. She- carried on emptying the drawers. Then, while Naddalin was trying to think of a good argument to make her stay, Sevket said, and from what the head expert told me the morning, you saved a lot of lives last night, Naddalin. If I am proud of anything I've Deanahe the year, it is how much you've erudite... Tell me about your Pat Jingerus.

And...

And, how do you know about that?

And, said Naddalin, distracted.

And, what else could have driven
them- Dementiators back?

-And-

Naddalin told Sevket what had
happened. she would- and he finished, Sevket
was smiling again.

And, yes, your daddy was always a
stag the- and the- transformed, and she- said.

And you guessed right... that is why
we called her Pinger's.

And...

Sevket threw her last few books into the case, closed the desk drawers, and turned to look at Naddalin.

And here - I brought them from them- Checking Shack last night, and she- said, and Naddalin brought back the Invisibility Robe.

And...

she-and he- said, then held. out the marauder's Map too. And, I am no longer your teacher, so I do not feel guilty about giving you back them as well. It is no use to me, And I daresay you, Jinger, and Emmah will find uses for it.

And...

Naddalin took the map and grinned.

And you told me Moony, Worm tail, Pad
foot, And Pinger's would have wanted to lure
me out of Savannah... you said they would have
thought it was funny.

And...

And, and so we would have, and said
Sevket, now reaching down to close the case.

And have known the situation in
saying that Alyssa would have been highly

disappointed if she had never- ever found any of the secret passages out of the castle.

And...

Them- re was a knock on the door.
Naddalin hastily stuffed the marauder's map,
and they are- Invisibility Robe into the pockets.

It was Professor Duerre. She did not
look surprised to see Naddalin.

And your carriage is at the gates,
Remus, - she said.

And Thank You, commander.

And...

Sevket picked up her old suitcase and the empty Grind low tank.

And, well - goodbye, Naddalin, and she-said, smiling. And, it has been a real pleasure teaching you. I feel sure we will meet again sometime. Head expert, there is no need to see me to the gates, I can manage... And Naddalin had them- the impression that Sevket wanted to leave as quickly as possible.

And, Goodbye, then, Remus, and said to Duerre soberly. Sevket shifted them- Grind low tank slightly so that she- And Duerre could

shake and. Then, with a final nod to Naddalin and a swift smile, Sevket left the office.

Naddalin sat down in the massive chair, staring glumly at the floor. She- heard the door close and looked up. Duerre was still with them.

And, why so miserable, Naddalin? And she- said quietly. And you should be immensely proud of yourself after last night.

-And-

And, it did not make any difference, and said Naddalin bitterly. And Grohl got away.

-And-

And did it make any difference? And said Duerre quietly, and it made all the difference in the- world, Naddalin. You helped uncover the truth. You saved an innocent man from a terrible fate.

And...

Part: 6

Terrible- something stirred in Naddalin's memory. Greater and more terrible than ever before... Professor Solis's prediction!

And Professor Duerre - yesterday,
she- and I were having my Divination exam,
Professor Solis went very - very strange.

-And-

And... Indeed? And said Duerre... And -
stranger than usual, you mean?

And yes... her voice went all deep and
her eyes rolled, then she- said... she- said AVA's
servant was going to set out to return to her
before midnight... She- said, like the- servant
would help her come back to power.

Then, Naddalin stared up at Duerre.
And, likewise... they- and she- became normal

again, as normal could be anyways... and she-
could not remember at all anything she had said.
Like- like- like, now um was it - was the
meeting a real prediction?

-And-

Duerre, then looked mildly impressed...
with that thought. So-o, do you know, Naddalin,
I think she- might have been. And she- said
thoughtfully. And who would have thought it?
That brings her total of real predictions up to
two. I should offer her a pay raise...

-And-

But Naddalin looked at her, in haste.
How could Duerre take so freak'n calmly?

Like, but ah- I stopped Trius and
Professor Sevket from killing Grohl!

That makes it my fault...? Um- if
AVA comes back!

- And-

Like, it does not, and said Duerre
quietly, and ever so softly alike.

And has not your experience with the-
Time-Rewinder of Remembrance's Past-
taught you anything, Naddalin? The-

consequences of our actions are always so complicated, so diverse, that predicting the future is a very- exceedingly difficult business indeed...

Then and then- Professor Solis, bless her, is living proof of that... you did a very- very noble- good thing, in saving Grohl's life.

-And-

Above that all, if she- helps, AVA back to power... And she may lose some of hers or worse.

And Grohl owes her life to you. No...?
Yes...? Maybe...?

You have sent AVA a deputy who is in your debt... she is one wizard- with wings that save another wizard that has fallen. I like the young life; it creates a certain bond between them... Yes...? And I am much mistaken, and if AVA wants her servant in the debt of Naddalin...

-And-

Like, I do not want a connection with Grohl!

And- said Naddalin. And she- betrayed my parents!

-And-

Like, she is magical at its deepest, it is almost impenetrable, Naddalin.

Yeah- trust me... the- time may come here- and you will be glad you saved Grohl's life, I am sure of this...

-And-

Naddalin like she could not imagine that she would be. Duerre looked as though her mind and body felt- knowing what Naddalin was thinking about this too deeply for her comfort.

And I knew your daddy very well, both at SKOUFYCEOL and later, Naddalin, and she-

said gently. And she- would have saved - too, I
am sure of it.

-And-

Naddalin looked up at her. Duerre
would not laugh - she- could tell Duerre...

And thought it was my dad who had
conjured my Clans. I mean, she- and I saw
myself a-crossed the lake... I thought I was
seeing her.

-And-

And an easy mistake to make and said
Duerre softly. And expect you will tire of her-

airing it, but you do look extraordinarily like
Alyssa. Except for the eyes... you have the same
eyes as your mother's.

- And-

Naddalin shook her young little head.

Then, it was stupid, thinking it was
her, and she- muttered.

Um- it was mean, I knew she- was
dead.

Like- you think they are- dead we
loved ever so- o truly leave us?

Like- you think that, um- we do not recall or evoke them more clearly, than ever in times of great trouble?

Like- your daddy is alive within you, Naddalin... it is good to remember that- and feel it- in here and pointing to her heart.

And shows herself most plainly she- and you require her. How else could you produce those Clans? Pinger's rode again- last night.

- And-

It took a moment for Naddalin to realize what Duerre had said.

Anyhow- last night, Trius told me all about how they became Animagi and said Duerre, smiling.

Part: 7

Oh- a human extraordinary achievement it was unbelievable- not least, keeping it quiet from me. And then I remembered the most unusual form your Clans took, she- and it charged Mr. Mallerie down at your Claepsiara match against Raven's Claw. You know, Naddalin, in a way, you did see your daddy last night... You found her inside yourself.

And Duerre left the office, leaving Naddalin to see very confused thoughts.

Nobody- at SKOUFYCEOL now knew the truth of what had happened to them- the night that Trius, Becca beak, And Grohl had vanished- except Naddalin, Jinger, Emmah, And Professor Duerre. As the end of term approached- Naddalin heard many different theories about what had happened, but none of them came close to the truth.

Mallerie was furious about Becca's beak. She- was convinced that deride had found a way of smuggling the Ashlynn to safety and

seemed outraged that she- And she a
gamekeeper had outwitted daddy. Percy Railie,
meanwhile, had much to say about Trius's
escape.

~*~

And, If I manage to get into the
Bureau, I will have a lot of proposals and a
presentation to make about Magical Law
Enforcement! And she- told they are- the only
pergirl who would listen - her significant other,
Jenny.

Though they are- the weather was
perfect, though the- atmosphere was so-o

cheerful, though she- knew they had achieved the- near impossible in helping Trius to freedom, Naddalin had never approached- they are- end of a savannah year in worse spirits.

She certainly was not the only one who was sorry to see Professor Sevket go. The- whole of Naddalin's Defense Against the Dark Arts class was miserable about the resignation. And wonder what they will give us next year? And said, Laila Finnigan gloomily and glumly. And, An Ash Angels, and suggested Lacy Thomas hopefully.

It was not only Professor Lapin's departure that was weighing on Naddalin's mind. Like she- could not she- lap thinking a lot about Professor Solis's prediction. She- kept wondering what Grohl was now, whether she- had sought sanctuary with AVA yet.

But they are- things that were lowering Naddalin's spirits most of all was them- the prospect of returning to the Andreassen. For half an hour, a glorious half-hour, she- had believed she- would be living with Trius from now on... she parents' best friend... It would have been the next best thing to having her daddy back.

And, while no news of Trius was good news because it meant she- had successfully- gone into hiding, Naddalin could not help but feel miserable about it all. she- and her- thought of the home.

She- might have had, and they are- fact that it was now impossible.

Them- exam results came out on the last day of term. Naddalin, Jinger, And Emmah had passed every subject. Naddalin was amazed that she- had through Potions.

She- had a shrewd suspicion that Duerre might have stepped in to stop Lily from

failing her on purpose. Sammie's behavior toward Naddalin over the past week had been quite alarming.

Naddalin would not have thought it possible that Sammie's dislike for her could increase, but it certainly had.

'A muscle twitches' unpleasantly at the corner of Sammie's thin mouth every time she- looked at Naddalin, and she- was constantly flexing her fingers, as though itching to place them around Naddalin's throat.

Percy had top-grade Newt's; Reanna and Katy had scraped a hand of FLYING each.

Amsel House, meanwhile, thanks to the spectacular performance in them-
Claepsiara Cup, had won the House
championship for the third year running. They
meant that the end-of-term feast took place
amid decorations of scarlet and gold and that
they were- Amsel table was the noisiest of the-
lot, as everybody celebrated.

Even Naddalin managed to forget
about the journey back to the Andreassen the
next day as she- ate, drank, talked, and
laughed- with the rest.

Chapter: 153

Part: 1

(New kids on the block we say- new
dead girls, coming.)

As the SKOUFYCEOL Express pulled
out of the station they were the next morning,
Emmah gave Naddalin and Jinger some
surprising news.

Likewise, and went to see Professor
Ashly in the morning, just before breakfast.

I have decided to drop non-magical
people Studies.

And...

However, you passed your exam with three hundred and twenty percent! Said Jinger.

And now, and sighs- Emmah, And but I cannot and another year like the one. That Time-Turner was driving me mad. It has- magical and it is in. Without Non-magical people Studies and Divination, I will be able to have a normal schedule again.

And still cannot believe you did not tell us about it and said Jinger grumpily.

And we are supposed to be your friends.

And...

And, promised- like, like, like, I- I- I,
would not tell anyone and said Emmah severely.
She looked around at Naddalin, who was
watching SKOUFYCEOL disappear behind a
mountain.

Two whole months before she would
see it again...

And, oh, cheer up, Naddalin!

And said Emmah sadly.

And I am- am okay and said Naddalin
quickly. And just thinking about the holidays.

And, I have been thinking about them too and said Jinger. And Naddalin, you must come and stay with us. I will fix it up with Mom and Dad, then- n, I will call you. I know how to use a full tone now - And, telephone, Jinger, and said Emmah. And, honestly, you should take non-magical people Studies next year...And Jinger ignored her...

And it is the Claepsiara World Cup in the summer! How about it, Naddalin? Come And stay, and we will see it! Dad can usually get tickets from work.

And...

The proposal had the effect of cheering Naddalin up a great deal.

And ... It is, um- a bet they are- Slash is pleased to let me come... especially after what I do to Aunt Marge... And... Feeling more cheerful, Naddalin joined Jinger and Emmah in several games of Exploding Snap, and she- n the- witch with the- tea cart arrived, she- bought herself an exceptionally large lunch, though nothing with Hayvannah chocolate in it.

But it was late in the afternoon before the thing that made her genuinely happy turned up...

So, Naddalin, and said Emmah suddenly,
peering over the shoulders.

And what is that thing outside your
window?

-And-

Anyways, Naddalin turned to look
outside. Something exceedingly small and gray
was bobbing in and out of sight beyond the
glass.

She stood up for a better look...

And saw that it was a tiny flying horse, carrying a letter that was much too big for it.

Them- Flying horses was so small that it kept tumbling over in the- air, buffeted the way, and that in the train's slipstream, that was blasting red sparks and cloud of heat and red-colored smoke unfluffed the entirety of the engines as if something from the deeps of the Underworld.

Naddalin quickly pulled down the window, stretchered- d out her arms, and

caught it. It felt like a very fluffy Snitch. She- brought it carefully inside.

Them- Flying horses dropped her letter onto Naddalin's seat and began zooming around the compartment, incredibly pleased with itself for carrying out its task. She- dig clicked her beak with dignified disapproval. Crook shanks sat up in the seats, following them are- Flying horses with her great yellow eyes. Jinger, noticing them, snatched- they are- Flying horses safely out of harm's way.

Naddalin picked up the letter. It was addressed to her. She then- ripped open the letter and shouted, and it is from Trius!

-And-

And, what...?

And said Jinger and Emmah excitedly.

And read it aloud!

Part: 2

It said- Dear Naddalin,

I hope this finds you before you reach your aunt and uncles.

I do not know if they are used to
Flying, like me.

Becca beak and I are in hiding. I will
not tell you, in case the Flying falls into the-
winger and. I have some doubts about the
reliability, but she- is the best I could find, and
she did seem eager for the job.

They are- Dementiators are still
searching for me, but they have not the hope
of finding me here; I am planning to allow some
non-magical peoples to glimpse me soon, a long
way from SKOUFYCEOL, so-o that the-
security on the- castle will be lifted.

This is something I never got around to telling you during our brief meeting. It was I who sent you the Firebolt - And Ha- ha...! And said Emmah triumphantly. And- See- see- see...!

I told you it was from her! And... like-like, um whatnot...

Yes, but she- had not jinxed it, had she-?

And said Jinger. And Ouch! And Them- tiny Flying horses now nan-a-ing happily in she and, had nibbled one of the fingers in what it seemed to think was an affectionate way.

-Crook shanks took the order to the
Flying- Office for me.

-I used your name but told them all
to take the gold from my own Mcqueeney vault.
Now- please consider it as freshmen year
birthdays...' worth of presents from your god
daddy.

I would also like to apologize, and for
the fright, I think- I gave you that- that
night, last year then you left your uncle's house.

I had only hoped to get a glimpse of
you before starting my journey north, but I
think the sight of me alarmed you.

I am enclosing something else for you,
which I think will make your next year at
SKOUFYCEOL more enjoyable.

If ever you need me, send a word.
Your Flying horses will find me.

I will write again soon.

~Trius~

Part: 3

Naddalin looked eagerly inside the
envelope. There was another piece of
parchment in them. She- read it through quickly
and felt suddenly as warm and content as

though she had swallowed a bottle of hot
butterbeer in one gulp.

I, Trius Black, Naddalin Maria's god
daddy, by then give her permission to visit
Claepsiara, Kalaheo of Wizardry- fallen girls on
weekends.

And that will be good enough for
Duerre! And- said Naddalin happily. She looked
back at Trius's letter. And hang on, there is a
PS...

- And-

I thought your friend Jinger might like to keep the Flying horses, as it is my fault, she- no longer has a rat.

Jigger's eyes widened... The minute Flying horses were still hooting excitedly. And keep her? And she- said uncertainty. She- looked closely at the Flying horses for a moment; then, to Naddalin's and Emma's great surprise, she- held her out for Crook shanks to sniff.

And what do you reckon? And Jinger asked the wolf. And some flying horses?

-Crook shanks purred...

And that is good enough for me and
said Jinger happily. And she is mine.

Naddalin read and reread the letter
from- Trius back into the village train station
on the other side of the castle and the tall
bridge.

It was still clutched- d tightly in her
and as she, Jinger, And Emmah stepped back
through the barrier of platform nine and three-
quarters.

Naddalin spotted Uncle Read at once.

She- was time-wasting a good
distance from Mr. And Mr.'s. Railie, eyeing them

suspiciously, and then Mr.'s. Railie hugged Naddalin in greeting, her worst suspicions about the seemed confirmed.

And I will call about the worldly Championship Cup! And Jinger yelled after Naddalin as Naddalin bid her And Emmah goodbye, then whirled the- trolley bearing her trunk and she- digs cage toward Uncle Read, who greeted her in the usual fashion.

And what is that? And she- snarled, staring at the envelope Naddalin was still clutching in her hand. And, if it is another form for me to sign, you have another...

And, it is not, and said Naddalin
cheerfully.

And it is a letter from my god daddy.

And Godaddy? And, sputtered Uncle
Read. And, you do not have a good daddy!

And, yes, I have and said Naddalin
brightly. And she- was my mom and dad's best
friend. Her- 's a convicted murderer, but she's
broken out of wizard prison and she's on the
run. She likes to stay connected with me,
though... keep up with my news... check if I am
happy...

And, grinning broadly at the look of horror on Uncle Read's face, Naddalin set off toward the station exit, her- dig rattling along in finger of her, for what looked like a much better summer than the last.

And, no, and said Naddalin. And she was not a teacher.

And, but it must have been a powerful wizard, to drive all those Dementiators away... If they are- Clans was shining so brightly, didn't it light her up?

Couldn't you see it...?

And, I saw her and said Naddalin
flying horses. And, but... I imagined it... I was
not thinking straight... I passed out right
afterward...

And who did you think it was?

And think - and Naddalin swallowed,
knowing how strange they were going to sound.

And it was my dad.

Naddalin glanced up at Emmah and
saw that her mouth was fully open now. She-
was gazing at her with a mixture of alarm and
pity.

And Naddalin, your dad's - well - dead,
and she- said quietly.

And knew that and said Naddalin
quickly.

And you think you saw the ghost?

And do not know... no... she- looked
solid...

And, But then...

I was looking at things and said
Naddalin. And, but... from what I could see... it
looked like her... I have photos of her...

-And-

Emmah still thought of home, though
I was worried about her sanity.

Part: 4

And now it sounds crazy and Naddalin
Flatley. She- turned to look at Becca's beak,
who was digging her beak into the ground,
searching for worms. But she- was not
watching Becca beak.

She- was thinking about her daddy...

And about her daddy are three oldest
friends...

Moony, Worm tail, Pad foot, And
Pingers...

Had all four of them been out on the
grounds tonight?

Worm's tail had reappeared the
evening she- and everyone had thought she-
was dead... Was it so impossible her daddy had
Deanahe the same?

Had she- been seeing things across
the- take? Them- the figure had been too far
away to see distinctly...

Yet, she- had felt sure, for a moment,
before she had lost consciousness...

Them- leaves overshoe- and rustled
faintly in the breeze.

The moon drifted in and out of sight
behind the shifting clouds.

Emmah sat with her face turned
toward the willow, waiting.

And then, at last, after over an
hour...

And here we come! And Emmah
sheared.

She- And Naddalin got to his feet.

Becca beak raised her head. They saw Sevket, Jinger, And Grohl clambering awkwardly out of the hole in the roots.

Then came Emmah... then and then-unconscious Lily, drifting weirdly upward. Next came Naddalin and Black. They all began to walk toward the castle.

Naddalin's heart was starting to beat amazingly fast. She glanced up at the vast sky.

Any moment now, that cloud was going to move aside and show the moon... And Naddalin, And Emmah muttered as though she

knew exactly what she- was thinking, and we
must stay put.

We must not be seen. There is nothing
we can do...

(Thought)

Funny to me after Karly's final death,
she can ride a horse. It is all she wants again,
in this world of falling- too... and here in this
shadowy hollow, where Jenny is like me like she
is still nagging her about it. GO- figure...?

~*~

So-o, we are just going to let Grohl
escape all over again...

And said Naddalin quietly, how do you
expect to find a rat in the dark? And snapped
Emmah. And there is nothing we can do!

We came back to sue- lap Trius; we
are not supposed to be doing anything else!

And all right! And...

The- moon slid out from behind its
cloud. They saw the tiny figures across the
grounds stop. Them- n they saw movement-

And she goes- Sevket...

And Emmah sheared.

And she is transforming.

And Emmah! And said Naddalin
suddenly. And we must move!

And we must not, I keep telling you-

-And-

And, not to interfere! Lapin's going to
run into the forest, right at us!

-Then-

Emmah gasped...

And, Quick! And she- moaned, dashing
to untie Becca beak. And, Quick! Here are we
going to go? Where are we going to hide?
Them- Dementiators will be coming at any
moment.

And, Back to Dargide's! And, Naddalin
said. And it is empty now - come on!

And...

They ran as fast as they could, Becca
beak cantering along behind them. They could be
like the devil flying sing behind them...

Them- the cabin was in sight;
Naddalin skidded to the- door, wrenched- it open,

And Emmah and Becca beak flashed past her; Naddalin threw herself in after them and bolted the door. Fang the- boarhound barked loudly.

And, Fang, it is us! And said Emmah, hurrying over and scratching her ears to quieten her. And that was close! And she- said to Naddalin.

And, And, AND!

Naddalin was LIKE, out of the window. It was much harder to see what was going on from the shore. Becca beak seemed incredibly happy to find herself back inside

Darcie's house. She then- laid down on the
finger of the fire, folded her wings contentedly,
and seemed ready for a good nap.

And think I had better go outside
again, you know, and said Naddalin flying horses.

And cannot see what is going on - we
will not know when it is time.

-And-

Emmah looked up. Her expression was
suspicious.

And, I am not going to try and
interfere, and said Naddalin quickly. And, but if

we do not see what is going on, how are we going to know she- and it is time to rescue Trius?

-Then-

And, Well... okay, the- and... I will wait for her with Becca's beak... but Naddalin, be careful - they are a devil out there - And they are- Dementiators.

And...

Naddalin stepped outside again and edged around the cabin. Her- could hear yelp in the distance. That meant they are- Dementiators were closing in on Trius... She-

and Emmah would be running to her any moment...

Naddalin started here toward the lake, her head doing a kind of drumroll in her chest... Whoever had sent that Clans would be appearing at any moment...

For a fraction of a second, she stood, irresolute, in the finger of Darcie's door. You must not be seen. But she did not want to be seen. She- wanted to do them- seeing... she- had to know...

And then where they are-
Dementiators. They were emerging out of the

darkness from every direction, gliding around the edges of the lake... They were moving away from here- Naddalin stood, to the opposite bank... She- would not have to get near them... Naddalin began to run. She- had no thought since she except her daddy... If it was her... if it was her... she- had to know, had to find out...

Them- the lake was coming nearer and nearer, but there was no sign of anybody. On the opposite bank, she- could see tiny glimmers of silver - she owns attempts at a Clans- then there was a bush at the very edge of the water. Naddalin threw herself behind it, peering desperately through the leaves. On the

opposite bank, the glimmers of silver were suddenly extinguished. A terrified excitement shot through her - any moment now- and come on! And she- muttered, staring about. And she, are you? Dad, come on...

- And-

But no one came. Naddalin raised her head to look at the circle of Dementiators across the lake. One of them was lowering its hood.

It was time for the rescuer to appear - but no one was coming to sepal the time - and, where- it hit her - she- understood.

She- had not seen her, daddy, she- had seen herself - Naddalin flung herself out from behind the bush and pulled out she and.

And EXPECT ATHENAËUM! And she yelled.

And, out of the- end of them and burst, not a shapeless cloud of mist, but a blinding, dazzling, silver animal.

She- screwed up her eyes, trying to see what it was. It looked like a horse.

It was galloping silently away from her, across the black surface of the lake. She- saw it lower its head and charge at the

swarming Dementiators... Now it was galloping around and around the black shapes on the ground, and they were- Dementiators were falling back, sweltering, retreating into the darkness... They were gone.

Them- Clans turned. It was cantering back toward Naddalin a-crossed they- still, the surface of the water. It was not a horse.

It was not a unicorn, either. It was a stag. It was shining brightly as the moon above... it was coming back to her...

It stopped at the bank. Its hooves made no mark on the soft ground as it stared at Naddalin with its large, silver eyes. 'Flying horses,' it bowed its antlered head. And Naddalin realized... and Pinger's, and she-sheared.

But as she was trembling, fingers stretched- toward the creature, it vanished.

Naddalin stood then, and still outstretched. Then, with a great leap of she heard, she- heard hooves behind her. She-whirled around and saw Emmah dashing toward her, dragging Becca's beak behind her.

And what did you do? And she- said
fiercely. And, you said you were only going to
keep a lookout!

-And-

And just saved all our lives...And said
Naddalin. And get behind here behind the bush -
I will explain.

-And-

Emmah listened to what had just
happened with the mouth open yet again.

And did anyone see you?

And, yes, yes, and- yet, have you not been listening? I saw myself, but I thought I was my dad!

It is okay! And...

He- he- he- Naddalin, I cannot believe it... You conjured up a Clans that drove away all those Dementiators! That is very, very advanced magic.

And...

Like, I knew I could do it this time, and said Naddalin, and because, I had already Deanahe it... Does that make sense?

-And-

Naddalin, who happened to be in the room at the time, froze as she heard Jigger's voice answer.

And... HELLO?

Hey, hi, and greetings? Like- like- like-
UM- CAN YOU HEAR- ME? I - WANT - TO -
TALK - TO - NADDALIN!

Jigger was yelling so loudly that Uncle Read jumped and shielded the receiver a foot away from the ear, staring at it with an expression of mingled fury and alarm.

And WHOM IS THEM? And she-
roared in the direction of the mouthpiece.

And WHO ARE YOU?

And then...

INGER - RAILEY! And Jinger
bellowed back, as though she- Equally- Uncle
Read were sequin from opposite ends of a
football field. And I AM - A - FRIEND - OF -
NADDALIN'S - FROM - SAVANNAH -
Similarly...

Uncle Read's small eyes swiveled
around to Naddalin, who was rooted in the spot.

The same to say that an all- yen's,
HERE them IS NO NADDALIN - HERE! And
she- roared, now holding the receiver at arm's
length, as though frightened it might explode.

And DO NOT KNOW WHAT
SAVANNAH YOU ARE TOLUENE ABOUT!
NEVER CONTACT ME AGAIN! DO NOT YOU
COME NEAR MY FAMILY!

And...

And she threw the receiver back onto
the telephone as if dropping a prodigious spider.

Them- a fight that had followed had
been one of the worst ever.

And, HOW DARE YOU GIVE THE
NUMBER TO PEOPLE LIKE...

-PEOPLE LIKE YOU!

-And-

Uncle Read had roared, spraying
Naddalin with spit.

Jinger realized that she had gotten
Naddalin into trouble because she- had not
called again.

Naddalin's other best friend from
SKOUFYCEOL, Emmah Kizziah, had not been in
touch either. Naddalin suspected that Jinger

had warned Emmah not to call, which was a pity, because Emmah, the- cleverest witch in Naddalin's year, had non-magical people parents, knew perfectly well how to use a telephone, and would have had enough sense not to say that she- went to SKOUFYCEOL.

If she- had not, she might have found it harder to concentrate on military exercises at sunrise. She then made a stop by the road to buy herself a blueberry bun from the bakery, to eat with the tea.

Most of them had never seen a Flying horse- flaying girls yes not horse- even at

nighttime. Mr. Natalie, however, had a perfectly normal, Flying horses-free morning.

She yelled at five dissimilar folks.

In the office- Her- made several significant telephone calls, being all grown up and crap- and shouted a bit more... at dumbasses! Or so she called them...

A cranky piece of crap some called her...

Even if said- that she- was in a very noble mood until mealtime, where it went downhill from them- re... yes... she- n she- thought she would stretch her them was butt-

And up the leg on the- lift the side and farted hard. That is my she- loll to you- to say to the girl behind her... thanks for sharing... she- got up and then walked across the- road to buy herself a bun from the- bakery.

Them- the effect of the simple sentence on the rest of the family was incredible: Dariez gasped and fell off the chair with a crash that shook the whole kitchen; Mr. S. Sleyash gave a small scream and clapped her and to a sure- a mouth; Mr. Sleyash jumped to her feet, veins throbbing in the temples.

She had forgotten all about the people in Robes until she passed a group of them next to the bakers.

She- eyed them angrily as she- passed. He did not know why, but they made her uneasy and UNCOMFORTABLE.

The bunch was shearing excitedly, too, and she- could not see a single collecting tin. It was on the back past them, clutching a large doughnut in a bag, that she- caught a few words of what they were saying.

And she is, that is right, that is what I heard, yes, the girl, Naddalin.

-And-

Mr. Natalie stopped dead.

Fear flooded her... mind and body.

She- looked back at the whisperers as if she- wanted to say something to them but thought better of it.

She- dashed- back across the road, hurried up to the office, snapped at her secretary not to disturb her, seized the telephone, and had finished- d dialing her home number she- n she- changed her mind. She- put the receiver back down and stroked her mustache- thinking...

No, she- was being stupid.

-Was not such an unusual name. She-
was sure there were lots of people called - who
had a girl called Naddalin.

Come to think of it, she- was not even
sure her nephew- w was called Naddalin.

She never- ever even seen the girl.

It might have been Harvey. Or
Hanna.

Them- was no point in worrying Mr.'s.
Natalie; she- always got so-o upset at any
mention of the sister.

She- did not blame her really- if she
had had a sister like that... but all the same,
those people in Robes...

And meant' please'! Also, said Naddalin
quickly. Also, it did not mean...

-And-

(Now)

Also... WHAT HAVE I TOLD YOU,
Also, thundered her uncle, spraying spit over
the table, Also ABOUT SAYING THEM'S'
WORD IN OUR HOUSE?

And, but I am - Equally so-o-

...?...?

Then and when...

(Back)

HOW DARE YOU THREATEN

DARIEZ!

Holy freak'n piss, roared Uncle Read,
pounding the table with the fists.

(Aha)

Sh*t- Her- she- a found it a lot
harder to concentrate on drills that afternoon
and whether she- left the- building at five
o'clock, she- was still so worried that she-

walked straight into someone just outside the door.

Crap- Sorry, and she grunted, like them- a tiny old man stumbled and almost fell. It was a few seconds before Mr. Natalie realized that- the man was wearing a violet Robe. She did not seem at all upset at being almost knocked to the ground.

On the contrary, her face split into a wide smile, and she- said in a squeaky voice that made passersby stare, f*CK- Do not be sorry, my dear sir, for nothing could upset me today!

Rejoice, for You- Know- who has gone
at last! Even Non-magical people like yourself
should be celebrating their happy, joyful day!

Damn...

And- and- like, um- them- old man
hugged Mr. Natalie around the middle and
walked off.

Mr. Natalie stood rooted in the spot.

She- had been hugged by a stranger.

She- also thought she- had been
called a non-magical person, whatever that was.

She- was rattled.

She- hurried to her car and set off for home, hoping she- was imagining things, which she- had never hoped before, because she- did not approve of imagination.

As she- pulled into them- the driveway of number four, the first thing she- saw - And it did not improve the mood- was them- tabby wolf she had spotted that morning. It was now sitting on her garden's wall. She- was sure it was the same one; it had them- the same marking around its eyes.

Mother F*CK-er...

It just gave her an unyielding look.
Them- Flying horses were back at the window...
Um- Shoo sucking crap! And said Mr. Natalie
loudly as she- said- at the pc, over clips.

The- wolf did not move either from
her spot under the tree next to the corner. Was
it ordinary behavior for these beasts? And I
just - thank you and that may hurt myself... like
in the brain and crap- ol- la like that.

Sh*t'n- and like ah- ah- ah, I
WARNED YOU! I WILL NOT TOLERATE THE
MENTION OF YOUR ABNORMALITY UNDER
THEIR ROOF! And- crap- crap- crap-

Naddalin started from her purple-faced uncle to her pale aunt, who was trying to sheave Dariez to her feet.

Crap- crap- crap-

... All right, um said Naddalin, And all right... And...

Crap- crap- crap-

Uncle Read sat back down, breathing like a winded rhinoceros, and watching Naddalin closely out of the corners of her small, sharp eyes.

Ever since Naddalin had come home for the summer holidays, Uncle Read had been treating her like a bomb that might go off at any moment, because Naddalin - was not a normal girl. She was not as normal as it is possible to be.

Naddalin - was a wizard fallen angel - a wizard one and angel number two- fresh from the first year at the school for girls Hayvannahol of witchcraft and wizardry- and getting your wings. And if them- Andreassen were unhappy to have her back for the holidays, it was nothing to how Naddalin felt.

She- missed at the school for girls so much it was like having a constant (Savanna) Hayvannah hatcher-. She- missed the- castle, with its secret passageways And ghosts, she classes (though perhaps not Lily, them- Potions master,) the mail arriving by Flying horses, eating banquets in the- Great Hall, sleeping in the four-poster bed in the- tower dormitory, visiting them- gamekeeper, Dargide, in her cabin next to the- Forbidden Forest in the- grounds, And, especially, Claepsiara, them- a most popular sport in the- wizarding world (six tall goal posts, four flying balls, And fourteen players on broomsticks.)

All Naddalin's spell- books, and her,
robes, could Jinger, and top- other- line Nimbus
Two Thousand broomstick had been locked in a
cupboard under the- stairs by Uncle Read them-
instant Naddalin had come home.

What did them- Andreassen care if
Naddalin um lost her place on the House
Claepsiara team because she- had not practiced
all summer?

What was it to them- Andreassen if
Naddalin went back to Hayvannahol without any
of her homework Deanahe?

Them- Andreassen were wizards called non-magical peoples (not a drop of magical blood in the veins...)

And as far as they were concerned, having a wizard in the family was a matter of deepest shame, falling to death, and having black wings was worse than that.

Uncle Read had even padlocked Naddalin's Flying horses, herding, inside the cage, to stop her from carrying messages to anyone in the wizarding world.

Mr. Natalie speculated... all this and speculating was all he could do...

Trying to pull herself together as she- was sitting on them- can, leaving her job mead day like drawing to do so-o she- walked without knowing she- was doing so-o... like being pulled into them- the evil of it all- she- let herself into the- house. She still decided not to mention anything to the wife. That the power was taken over the mind and body.

Mr.'s. Natalie had had a nice, ordinary day.

She told her over dinner all about Mr.'s. Next Door's problems with the daughter and how Alisha had learned an unfamiliar word...

(And... NO...!)

Mr. Natalie tried to act Hayvanna-hay.

When Alisha had been put to bed, she- went into the- lounge in time to hook up on the- last report on them- sundown news: And, besides, in conclusion, bird onlookers all over have recounted that them- nation's Flying horses with wings have been behaving very strangely today.

Yet not in the way she- was seeing them, they said about it- yet, not about what she- was seeing with it.

Although flying with wings normally hunt at night, and are hardly ever seen considering the day, there have been hundreds of sightings of these birds flying in every direction since daybreak- the day before And. Experts is unable to explain why them- Flying horses with wings have suddenly changed the slumbering pattern.

- And-

Pergirls have been celebrating you can see them- barrel firs in them- streets- within them- night early- dusk- it is not until next

week, folks! But I can promise a wet night tonight.

Them- broadcaster allowed herself a smile.

Most mysterious... Um now, over to Lenah Barton with them- weather. Successful to be any more when a- Flying horses with wings tonight, girl? And Viewers as far apart as Jackie, Promising, And Dundee have been phoning in to tell me that instead of the rain I assured yesterday, they have had a downpour of shooting stars! And ... Well, Dee, and said them- weathercaster, and I do not know about

that, but it is not only them- Flying horses
with wings that have been acting oddly today.
I was hoping to make a wish to see if the
casting of whatever would go away.

Mr. Natalie sat frozen in her
armchair.

Shooting stars all over Britain?

Flying horses with wings flying by the
light of day? Mysterious individuals in shawls all
over them- the place looks like something out of
them- the 1920s? And, a murmur, a murmur
about who they are... who is and who is and
who's... like sharpers.

She- cleared her throat nervously.

And, wow, dear- you have not heard from your sister lately? And it was not good. Her- would have to say something to her about them.

Mr.'s. Natalie came into the living room carrying two cups of tea. Sharing- as she- had estimated, Mr.'s.

Natalie watcher- d surprised and ever so-o irritated.

They mock them, she- did not have a sister- so that was them- a story made up of the little mind. It is not good to have or see

them- abnormal! Like them... something is going down.

And, and- and- and sh*t- Nope, and s-
she- said abruptly. Why...?

Why is the question with no answer?

Why- was the question...

~*~

And humorous paraphernalia on them-
news, And Mr. Natalie muttered. And, flying
horses with wings... shooting stars... And
pussies oh my! She looked up at her with a grin.

Looking aroused and around them-
was them- re was a cute young, coupled kissing
making out- And making love on a bench- she-
was sitting on her, And, feeling all- the
madness- in plain eyesight.

Desirable, them- where a lot of
humorous-looking folks in town today... doing just
them- see things... it was madness- love was in
the- air like them- evil cast over me- And some-
that had been seen. And- And- So-o? And,
cracked Mr.'s. Natalie. And, well, I just
thought... perchance... it was to do with... you
know... she crowds- and why. And the chat was

complex and hard to understand- for one to
them- another topic.

Mr.'s. Natalie swallowed her tea
through squeezed lips. Mr. Natalie wondered
where- them- r she- dared tell she had heard
the- name- and she- decided she- did not dare.

Instead, she- said, as unconcernedly
as she- could, And The baby girl she would be
about Alisha's age now, wouldn't she? And... and
- yes, I suppose so-o, And I'm said Mr.'s.
Natalie stiffly.

And... What is her name again? Not
sure - she- said- why does it matter...?

Um... Naddalin? An offensive,
uncommon name, if you ask me. SH*T- I did not
but okay I feel the same.

And... Oh, sure... said Mr. Natalie, she
hears plummeting extremely.

And...

Sure, I quite agree with you.

And...

On the way up the staircase, no
words were said, as they made the way up to
the bedroom, or some alone time to do what
was natural. While Mr.'s. Natalie was in the

bathroom, Mr. Natalie stole to them- bedroom window and peered down into them- Inert Garden. Looking out and over Them- the damn wolf was still them- looking up at her- now- yet, in the- same way as with her- as before. It had not moved a bit.

Was she- imagining things? Or was their pussy acting as if she- could hear what I was thinking...

Could all they have something to do with them? If it did... them- query was why- do you know? If it got out that they were

related to a pair of- well, she- did not think she- could bear it.

Chapter: 154

Part: 1

Them- Natalie's got into bed wearing nothing more than her underwear,' Mr.'s.

Natalie fell asleep quickly, but Mr. Natalie lay awake looking at her and all the parts of her body in love, nonetheless, turning it all over in their minds, as she- was feeling she was up with her right so- o.

They knew very well what she- and Jennath thought about them and the kind...

Her last, she- attending thought before and
she- fell asleep was that even if they were
compiled, there was no motive for them to come
near her and Mr.'s. Doll girl.

She- could not see how she- and could
get mixed up in whatever, that might be going
on- she- stretched- as well as turned over- it
could not affect them...

How very mistaken she- was to think
the thought.

Mr. Natalie might have been drifting
into an uneasy sleep, but the wolf on the wall
outside was showing no sign of sleepiness.

So, the fat lazy ass- did move... Just like in a cartoon I want to throw a boot. It was sitting as still as a statue, its eyes fixed unblameable; at me time-wasting- re naked eating Cheetos... next to a bean bag chair... on... Them- did not so-o much as quiver she- n a car door thumped on the- next street, nor she- n two or three Flying horses with wings swooped above. In truth, it was a few hours before the wolf moved at all.

A man appeared on the corner they were the wolf had been watching- only me- and me only, not- looking away- it gave them- an idea so-o suddenly, and silently you would have

thought she had just popped out of the ground.
Them- wolf's tail yanked besides its eyes
tightened.

Zilch- zero- like the man had ever
been seen on the motorway.

She- was giant, tinny, and self-same
deep-rooted, referencing the silver of her hair
and beard, which were in cooperation long
enough to tuck into her belts.

She- was tiring long robes, a dark yet
rosy wrap that swept they are- ground, And
high- she- eyed, Misshapen boots.

Her- indigo- yet with some blue eyes
were light, bright, as well as twinkling behind
half-moon spectacles, in addition to that she
noses were exceptionally long and crooked like
she is yellowing teeth, as on the- other and, it
has been broken at least twice- like she and-
for being dumb.

The man's name was Roberts
Dreibund.

Roberts Dreibund did not seem to
understand that she- had just been at home in
a street then the whole thing from the
description to sue gumboots was undesirable.

So-o, Naddalin had had no word from any of the wizarding friends for five long weeks, and the summer was turning out to be as bad as the last one. There was just one exceedingly small improvement - after swearing that she- would not use her to send letters to any of the friends.

Naddalin had been allowed to let her fly, they were out at night.

Uncle Read had given in because of the racket herding made if she was locked in the cage all the time.

Naddalin finished writing about
Wendel in the Weird And paused to listen again.
The- silence in the-the spooky house was broken
only by they are- distant, grunting snores of
the enormous cousin, Dariez.

It must be extremely late, Naddalin
thought. Her eyes were itching with tiredness.
She would finish the essay Hayvanna-horror
night...

She- replaced the- ribbon; pulled an old
pillowcase from under the bed; put the-
flashlight under with her, a forbidden type of
Magic, she essays, back the typewriter to her

hands; now she would not out of bed; and hid the- lot under a loose floorboard under the bed.

Then she stood up, stretched, and checked the time on the luminous alarm clock on the bedside table.

It was one o'clock in the morning. Naddalin's Savannah gave a funny jolt. She- had been thirteen years old, without realizing it, for a whole hour.

Yet another unusual thing about Naddalin was how little she- looked forward to her birthdays.

She- had never- ever received a birthday card in life.

Them- Andreassen had completely ignored the last two birthdays, and she- had no regard to suppose they would remember them one.

The man- old with them- long white long beard was full of activity dipping into the wraps, beholding for something.

On another hand she- did seem to understand she- was being watched, for the- regard that she- looked up unexpectedly at the wolf, the supplementary finish of the

thoroughfare, mind going a little Lonny... For some motivation, the sight of the wolf gives the impression to make her laugh.

She chuckled and muttered and was a duty-bound to have known.

- And-

She originates what she- was beholding for in her privileged pocket. It was a green zip- o cigarette lighter.

She flipped it open, held it up in the air, and clicked it. Whoosh- hair smoldering- I thought it was going to happen... The-

adjoining gas streetlamp went out with a slight hush sound.

She clicked it again- the next lamp wavered into dimness and gloominess.

13 times she- be on them- the same wavelength the- Put- External, 'til the- only lights left on the- whole street where two miniature pinholes in the- coldness, which were them- judgments of the- wolf watching her with emerald eyes.

Uncertainty any per girl observed out of the window now, even beady-eyed Mr.'s. Doll girl, they wouldn't be able to see no matter

what that was fashionable down on the roadway.

Naddalin looked nothing like the rest of the family.

Uncle Read was large and neckless, with an enormous black mustache and a long beard-; Aunt Jennath was horse-faced and bony; Dariez was a blond-haired person, pink, and porky.

Naddalin, on the other hand, was small and skinny, with brilliant green eyes..., And jet-black hair that was always untidy. She wore round glasses, and on her, forehead was a thick

scar... that was etched hatched, in like a drawing.

Naddalin walked across the darkroom, past her- dig's large, empty cage, to the open window. She leaned on the sill; the cool night air pleasant on her face after a long time under the blankets. Herding had been absent for two nights now.

Naddalin was not worried about her: she had been gone long before.

Nevertheless, she hoped she would be back soon - she was the only- living creature in the house who did not flinch at the sight of her.

Naddalin, though still rats her small and skinny for the ages, had grown a few inches- s over the last year.

Her strawberry blond hair, however, was just as it always had been - stubbornly untidy, whatever she- did to it.

Them- eyes behind the glasses were bright green, and on she foresee- ad, visible through the hair, was a thick scar, shaped like an angels body- with wings at a side view, of a past girl named NEVAETH, the one she was the blame for this all... the same depiction was on a blue acoustic cutaway cracked no longer play

guitar- that was Havens, hand painted- I would add, with all the things that meant everything to the girls within the stories of the life, like lost chapters.

For some reason, this drawing of her keeps reappearing in all our lives. (All the girls have the story names on the side, with gold trim.)

Hear- here it is... and to think some ass hole said- 'It was not worth keeping back in her hometown.'

It was the scar that made Naddalin so particularly unusual, even for a wizard- she had the mark of a good angel.

The scar was them- the only a hint of Naddalin's very mysterious past, of the- regard she- had been left on the- Andreassen' doorstep eleven years before, turned up from the floor up with a ring through her clit, like all of them of the past.

Of all the unusual things about Naddalin, the scar was the most extraordinary of all. It was not, as the Andreassen - that family that took over the Amsel orphanage had

pretended for ten years, a souvenir of the car
crash that had killed Naddalin's parents,
because... there does not need to be a way- of
it... Lily... was like her

Kristen... too...

The question is why...

And then I thought about it...

You do not need a why... or to have a
motive... it was all just because- because we
can- and to get at you for the sick thrilling joys-
of proving it- they want you to know it is them-
so you are the one that looks crazy... for saying

the why- of it all... I have been to them, and no one believes me- yet- the same with them.

And the question- still is why...?

Part: 2

And Alyssa- had not died yet was already one that we all heated... here at this school.

They had been murdered, murdered by the most feared Dark wizard for a hundred years, the crazy within the mind...

Lord AVA, new pet though- you get why...?

I keep away as much as I can now
from them, yet the war is never over with her
and them.

(Back)

Naddalin had escaped from them- the
same attack with nothing more than a scar on
her forehead and a ring, she- Ava's curse,
instead of killing her- here, had rebounded upon
its originator. Barely alive, Ava had fled...

Final- death here is like- a thing... if
you keep losing power, or others want you out...
then it back to Earth to haunt... in unhappiness.

But Naddalin had come face-to-face
with her at the school for girls.

Remembering the last meeting as
she- stood at the dark window, Naddalin had to
admit she- was lucky even to have reached- her
thirteenth birthday.

Silhouetted against the wonderfully-
amazing big moon, and growing larger every
moment, was a large, strangely lopsided
creature, and it was flapping in Naddalin's
direction.

Part: 3

She stood quite still, watching it sink lower... And lower; for a split second, she- hesitated, and on the- window latch, wondering whether to slam it shut.

Still, they- and the bizarre creature soared over one of the streetlamps that were flicking a flame, off Privet Drive, in reflection on the wet path, And Naddalin, realizing what it was, leaped aside.

Through the window, three Flying girls with wings. It was them those girls that picked on her- now me, yet I and my girls would not stand for this... the conflict was on.

Two of them held up the third, which was unconscious, to all that was around them.

Some time had passed...

Then there was a soft lump on Naddalin's bed, and the middle grade- girls- flying angel- young girls- that were for them- them- them- just looking at me- and she- all creepy like, they would not leave and they wanted all of me, with me and she large gray, keeled right overhead she and I lay motionless, nude bodies in- tangled together, in our bed, staying away from them and they hate of what they do not understand. Them- was a

large package tied to its legs. So-o, she and I
kissed- and hugged tight, and loved each other
going down on, and more and such, and let the
babies play the games- pick and tease.

Part: 4

Naddalin recognized them- unconscious
Flying horses at once - the name was Errol, and
she belonged to the Railie family.

Naddalin dashed to the bed, untied
the cords around Errol's legs, took off the
parcel, and then- n carried Errolie to Sabre-
dove's cage.

Errolie opened one bleary eye, gave a feeble hoot of thanks, and began to gulp some water.

Naddalin turned back to the remaining Flying horses with wings and the girls with them.

One of them, them- large white female, was shedding.

She- too, was carrying a parcel and looked extremely pleased with herself; she- gave Naddalin an affectionate nip with her beak as she- removed the burden, then- and flew across the room to join Errolie.

Naddalin did not recognize them- third girl, and some tawny one, but she- knew at once where it had come from because, in addition to a third package, it was carrying a letter bearing them- At the school for girl's crest.

When Naddalin relieved the Flying horses of its burden, it ruffled its daddy's important stretcher- d its wings and took off through the- a window into the- night.

Naddalin sat down on her bed then grabbed Errolie's package, ripped off the brown paper, and discovered a present wrapped in gold

and her first-ever birthday card. Fingers trembling slightly, she opened the envelope.

Two pieces of paper fell out - a letter and a newspaper clipping.

Them- clipping had come out of the- wizarding newspaper, the- Star Press- because of the- people in the- black- and- the white picture was moving.

Naddalin picked up the clipping, smoothed it out, and read- the- scanned them- starry sky for a sign of herding, soaring back to her with a dead mouse dangling from her mouth, expecting praise.

Gazing absently over the rooftops, it was a few seconds before Naddalin realized what she- was seeing.

At the age of one year old, Naddalin had somehow survived a curse from the greatest Dark Sorcerer Angel of the demons of all time, Noble Ava, whose name most watchers and wizards- fallen angel still feared to speak.

Naddalin 's parents had died in Ava's attacks, but Naddalin had escaped with scars and brandings, and somehow - nobody understood- why- WHY- Ava's powers had been

demolished- instant she- had failed to kill-
Naddalin.

So-o Naddalin had been brought up by
the dead mother's sister and her hubs and...
She- had spent ten years with them-
Andreasen, never- ever understanding why she-
kept making odd things happen without
meaning to, believing them- Andreasen; story
that she- had her scar in the car crash that
had killed the parents...

...We all thought yes right!

And then, exactly a year ago, the school for girls had written to Naddalin, and then the whole story- had come out.

Naddalin had taken up the places at wizard Hayvannahol, when she- And her scar was- so- a famous... but now them- the Hayvannahol year was over, and she- was back with them- Andreassen for them- summer, back to being treated like a dog, that had rolled in something smelly.

(Back in time)

The- Andreassen had not even remembered that today happened to be Naddalin's 12th birthday.

Of course, her hopes had not been high; they had never given her a real present, let alone a cake - but to ignore it completely...

At that moment, Uncle Read cleared her throat importantly and said, Besides, now, as we all know, today is an especially important day.

-And-

Naddalin looked up, hardly daring to believe it.

BUREAU OF MAGIC EMPLOYEE

SCOOPS girl AND PRIZE-

'Yeah, well,' said Naddalin, glowering at her plate, 'since which has Lily ever been fair to me?'

Neither of the others answered, all three of them knew that Lily and Naddalin's mutual enmity had been absolute from the moment Naddalin had set foot in at the school for girls.

'I did think she- might be a bit better this year,' said Emmah in a disappointed voice.' I mean.... you know....' she- looked around

carefully; there were half a dozen empty seats on either side of them and nobody was passing the table...

'... Now she's in them- War and everything.'

'Prodigious toadstools Do not change the spots,' said Jinger sagely.' Anyway, I have always thought Duerre was cracked to trust Lily. Where's she- evidence she- ever really stopped working for You- Know- I Mean?'

'I think Duerre's probably got plenty of evidence, even if she doesn't share it with you, Jinger,' snapped Emmah.

'Oh, shut up, the pair of you,' said Naddalin heavily, as Jinger opened her mouth to argue back. Emmah And Jinger both froze, looking angry and offended.'

'Can't you give it a rest?' Said Naddalin.

'You're always having a go at each other; it's driving me furious.'

And abandoning shepherd's pie, she swung she Hayvannahol- bag back over the shoulders and left them sitting on them.

She walked up the marble staircase two steps at a time, past the many students hurrying towards lunch.

Them- anger that had just flared so unexpectedly still blazed inside her, and they are- a vision of Jinger...

And Emmah's shocked faces afforded her a sense of deep satisfaction. Serve them right, she- thought, why cannot they give it a rest... bickering all of them- time... it is enough to drive anyone up them- wall...

She- passed the- a large picture of Sir Lloyd to a knight on an l's and Sir Lloyd drew

her sword and brandished it fiercely at Naddalin, who ignored her.

‘Come back, you scurvy dog! Stand fast and fight!’ yelled Sir Lloyd in an inaudible voice from behind her visors, but Naddalin merely walked on, and either Sir Lloyd tried to follow her by running into a neighboring picture, she- was rebuffed by its inhabitant, a large and angry-looking wolfhound.

Naddalin spent the rest of the lunch hour sitting alone underneath the trapdoor at the top of Northern Tower, just under the bells.

Consequently, she- was the first to
ascend them- a silver ladder that led to Sara...
Solis's classroom when- n the- bell rang.

After Potions, Divination was
Naddalin's- least favorite class, which was due
to Professor Solis's habit of forecasting her
sudden death every few lessons.

A thin woman heavily draped in
shawls and glittering with strings of beads, she
would always remind Naddalin of insects, with
her glasses hugely magnifying her eyes.

We have read her books here... them
too...

She would- was busy putting copies of battered leather-bound books on each of them- spindly little tables with which the room was littered when Naddalin entered them- room. But the light cast by them- lamps covered by scarves and them- low burning, the sickly scented fire was so dim she would- appeared not to notice her as she- took a seat in the shadows.

Them- the rest of the class arrived over the next five minutes. Jinger emerged from them- a trapdoor, looked around carefully, spotted Naddalin, then made unswervingly for her, or as directly as she- could while having to

send her way between tables, chairs, and overstuffed puffs.

'Emmah and I have stopped arguing,' she- said, sitting down beside Naddalin.

'Good,' grunted Naddalin.

'But Emmah says she'd- thinks it would be nice if you stopped taking out your temper on us,' said Jinger.

'I'm not...'

'I'm just passing on the message,' said Jinger, talking over her.'

Nevertheless, I reckon she would- is right. It's not our fault how Laila and Lily treat you.'

'I never said it...'

'Good day,' said Professor Solis in her usual misty, dreamy voice, and Naddalin broke off, again feeling both annoyed and slightly ashamed of herself.'

Besides, welcome back to Divination.

I have, of course, been following your fortune's most carefully over the holidays, and I am delighted to see that you have all

returned to the school for girls safely as, of course, I knew you would.

You will find on the tables before your copy of the - 'Little Girls Bible.'

Dream interpretation is the most important means of divining the future and one that may very probably be tested in your FLYING.